

TEN AMERICAN TARS ON LINER PARIS SAVE THE CREW OF SINKING STEAMER INDOBALA IN WILD GALE.

Captain Clarke and Twenty-two Men
Snatched from Death After Hours
of Fierce Struggle.

Passengers on Flyer from the Navy
Forget to Eat in Watching the
Battle in Wintry Seas.



Officers of the Lost Vindobala.

Made from snap shots taken in mid-ocean for the Journal.
Chief Engineer John S. Wood; Captain Michael Clarke; Chief Mate A. Beckman.
Third Engineer E. McCulloch; 2d Engineer T. A. Moffett; 3d Engineer G. Bird.

THE American liner steamship Paris brought into port yesterday Captain Michael Clarke, of the British tank steamer Vindobala, and twenty-two members of his crew. The Vindobala is at the bottom of the ocean. All but one of the crew of the lost vessel were saved. The work of rescue occupied more than five hours.

The Vindobala was slowly sinking in mid-ocean when sighted by the Paris, at 7:30 a. m., on Tuesday last. High seas and heavy winds made an effort at rescue appear a forlorn chance, with the probability that the rescuers would themselves be lost. Nothing daunted, Chief Officer Bradshaw and nine other members of the crew of the Paris went off in a lifeboat on their humane mission. After hours of peril, and despite many mishaps, the crew of the Vindobala was saved and put aboard the Paris. The drowned man became frenzied and jumped overboard from his ship.

Captain Clarke scuttled the Vindobala before he left her, so that she might not become a dangerous derelict. The passengers on the Paris write in praise of the bravery of the ten men who so nobly faced death, and testified to their appreciation by substantially rewarding them.

The Journal is able to present snap-shot photographs taken at intervals while the exciting rescue progressed. They are the first snap shots ever taken of a wreck at sea, and the Journal is the first and only newspaper to print pictures taken under such extraordinary circumstances for the benefit of the public. The Journal is indebted for the photographs to a passenger on the Paris, whose presence of mind prompted him to preserve the exciting scenes of the moment.

The Paris had an unusually stormy passage. She was buffeted all the way across, and shipped so many heavy seas that at one time there were seventeen feet of water in her after compartment.

The first vessel, commanded by Captain Frederick Watkins, who took his ship all through the Spanish war as a part of the American navy and did gallant service, met the heaviest hurricanes as if she were a steadfast rock.

HOW ONE BOAT'S CREW SAVED 24 MEN IN A WINTRY SEA.

All sorts of ugly weather kept company with the steamship Paris from the time she left Southampton at noon on Saturday, December 24. Aside from the storms, however, the trip was uneventful until early Wednesday morning. Then word went about that a steamship, apparently in distress, had been sighted over the starboard bow. There was a heavy sea on, and the wind was high and blustering. The news that a ship was in peril under such conditions soon spread among the Paris's passengers, of which there were eighty-six in the saloon and as many more in the steerage.

Captain Frederick Watkins acted with cool delay, heading the Paris straight for the troubled vessel, which, then, to the eye, was only a speck.

Captain Watkins to the Rescue.
As the distance between the two steamships was closed it was made out that the one in distress was a three-master, with black hull and funnel, and that she was flying the British flag, Jack down. It was seen, too, that her topmasts were gone, and that from her stern dragged a sea anchor composed of two spars lashed, a coil of wire rope and humped hawsers, the whole making a drag of nearly a mile in length, and serving to keep her head well up to the wind. As Captain Watkins watched, the passengers also watching with breathless interest, a signal flittered from the foremost head of the distressed vessel. It read:

"I must abandon the vessel!"

An order rang out on the Paris to launch a boat. The passengers were now tremulous with excitement. To them it appeared that no lifeboat ever could live in such a sea. The wind momentarily grew heavier; the billows made great mountains, with valleys between, wherein surely those who might dare the rescue would be engulfed. The sky was overcast, and there was every prospect of worse weather. If the men on board the wrecked vessel—and there were apparently a score or more—were to be saved, no time could be lost.

Many Crouching Sailors Seen.

Captain Watkins, a veteran of the sea, realized this. Like a huge hawk the Paris slowly made a wide circle about the ship while Captain Watkins decided from which direction he would make his attempt at rescue. There was a shrieking of the bell in the engine room, and the Paris came to a dead stop about three-quarters of a mile to the leeward of the helpless ship.

Those with good glasses reported that the vessel in distress was the Vindobala, an oil tank steamer, and they readily made out the figures of several men crouching under

the deckhouse amidships on the lee side. Lifeboat No. 1 had been made ready, and the moment the engines stopped over the wreck it went. In it were Chief Officer John Bradshaw and nine men.

As the boat struck the water, and before the tackle could be cast off, the Paris gave a lurch that jerked the lifeboat up and almost out of the water. The brave crew was submerged again, but every man held on to the thwarts with an iron grip. Finally, a lurch loosened the strain on the remaining tackle and the boat was free. There was a deep sigh of relief from the passengers as the little boat bounded away on a mountain wave. One woman on the Paris deck was seen to wipe a tear from her eye.

A Hard Pull All Together.

The men in the boat gave all of their strength to the oars, and the boat made straight for the Vindobala. Progress was painfully slow, but on they pulled, creeping little by little toward the goal. Thus, for one and a half hours the fearless sailors battled with wind and wave.

New and then the sea would apparently swallow up not only the little boat but the ship it was trying to reach. Then the two would be thrown up on the crest of a giant wave as though they were nothing more than chips. At last the lifeboat was within hailing distance of the Vindobala.

"How many have you on board?" asked Chief Officer Bradshaw through his megaphone.

"Twenty-four, all told," came faintly back.

"Any passengers?"

"No."

"Send us a line," cried Bradshaw, but his message never reached the ship.

Darkness Came a Hail Squall.

As he spoke a squall, accompanied by cutting hail, overwhelmed the little boat. For a time the ship was obscured and all attempt at communication was abandoned. It was half an hour before the squall passed and the slanting downpour of hail ceased. Then the Vindobala came into view again. The lifeboat moved nearer. It was seen that the seas were breaking over the ship, drenching the sailors. The air was biting cold, and the lifeboat crew wondered how long the poor fellows had been exposed to the cruel weather.

Communication was re-established and the order to cast a line was repeated. A dozen times was the line thrown out, but each time it fell into the sea far from the lifeboat. The men on the ship threw feeders over the side, but Bradshaw felt that he owed a duty to his own brave crew, and he knew that if he attempted to board the ship his boat would be dashed to pieces against her iron sides as though against a rock. Bradshaw kept a cool head, and the result showed the wisdom of his course.

Trial After Trial Fails.

The next attempt made to establish communication between the boat and ves-



Signal of Distress Flown by the Sinking Vindobala.



Group of Crew of the Lost Tank Steamship.

Snapshots taken at sea especially for the Journal.
P. SULLIVAN, SEAMAN; C. ANA, P. MURPHY, J. BAUMANN, FIREMEN;
S. EPHS, FIREMAN; K. WILKINSON, DONKEY MAN; W. ANGUS, BOATSWAIN; P. JENSEN, J. FITZGERALD, SEAMAN.



Capt. Frederick Watkins, of the Paris.

sel was by means of a sea anchor, which was thrown astern of the Vindobala. This device dragged and swerved around toward the lifeboat, and was watched with deep anxiety. The hope that it would reach its destination appeared well founded, when suddenly the line was severed, apparently by some frigate's gun, and the ship, and the sea anchor drifted astern the lifeboat, not a dozen yards away. Another lurch was given.

"We must get a little nearer," said Bradshaw, "or nothing will be done."

He gave an order and the oars began to move. The boat had reached a point sixty yards from the ship, when a line, thrown by heroic effort, fell across her bow. It was eagerly seized by one of the men, but before it could be made fast there was a terrific lurch of the steamer. The line was jerked from the man's grasp, taking with it the skin of his hands. The line fell into the sea and was gone in an instant.

Hours had passed, and yet the people on the Paris stood watching the wild scene. The hunchmen had come and gone, and not a person on board had eaten. No one had thought of hunger.

No Luncheon Ready Nor Wanted.

It was well they were so engrossed. For there was no luncheon. The stewards and galley force had forgotten their duties, so deeply were they interested in the battle on the sea, and had prepared no food. Never before had there been a parallel instance on an ocean liner. No one was even reproved for the odd negligence. Captain Watkins was not thinking of his stomach.

After the loss of the line another idea came to the men directing matters on the Vindobala. One of her lifeboats was made ready. It was successfully launched with eight men aboard. To its stern a line was made fast, and off it set to take a hazardous chance in a meeting with the other lifeboat.

At this moment a man leaped up on the rail of the tank steamer. He wore a cork jacket, and his pockets were bulging with the greatest anxiety as it began to slowly make its way back to the Paris. The sea was still high, as was the wind, and it was feared that there might be some mishap in getting aboard the big liner. Those on the great liner were in a tremor. They were so anxious and excited that a disaster would be heart-breaking. Some of the women said they could not bear it.

The skipper now stood on the deck of his doomed ship. In his hand he held a small package. It contained the ship's papers. He must save them. Raising the anchor, the Vindobala might prove a dangerous derelict on the ocean's pathways, the captain ordered the sea cocks opened, so that within a few moments after leaving her the vessel would go to the bottom. The remaining sailors obeyed with willingness, and soon they resuscitated on deck and were sent over the side to join their comrades.

The Skipper Last to Leave.

A heavy increase was put on agricultural products affected by foreign competition, particularly Canadian. This was also the case with luxuries, such as liquors, tobacco, silks and furs.

The reciprocity provisions of the act of 1890 were not only "passed" but "enacted." The additions consisted largely of luxuries. Nelson Dingley is a true Maine Yankee, his family running back to 1638, when the first Dingley arrived from England on one of the Puritan ships. His forefathers were all traders or blacksmiths or farmers.

Mr. Dingley's intellectual ability came from his mother, a very highly educated school teacher. At Dartmouth College, where he graduated in 1885, he showed a love for journalism. He was identified with a number of papers, including his college paper. When he left college he first studied law.

When the opportunity came he bought the Lewiston Journal and began to build up his career. He took the stump in the stirring Fremont campaign. As a result he was soon in the State Legislature. At twenty-five he was elected to the United States Senate accepted the offer of a seat in Congress. That was in 1881. He has been in Congress ever since, representing the district in which he was born.

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by long exposure, they were too weak to carry out their brave wish. He was lost. Meanwhile, the boat from the Vindobala and the one from the Paris had been maneuvering about one another. The former was a corkie, contrasted with the sturdy boat from the American liner, and it was 10 to 1, it appeared, that it could not live. But the tiny boat, buffeted and tossed about, stood the trial bravely. At an opportune moment a line is thrown from the Paris. It is grasped and made fast in a twinkling.

At Last a Lifeline.

The fate of the unfortunate sailor spurred those aboard the ill-fated steamer, and the rescuers as well, to renewed activity. The eight men from the small boat of the Vindobala were successfully transferred to the lifeboat. They were drenched and half frozen, and two of them sank unconscious as they were pulled over the railboards to safety. None of them could speak. They were dumb from the physical strain to which they had been subjected.

The line brought by the small boat was secured and the corkie was set adrift. Meanwhile the men of the Vindobala were not idle. They had rigged a buoy, with a double line attached. It was made fast to the line now leading to the lifeboat and thrown overboard. The painters attached were made fast on the deck, and all was in readiness for the departure of the men from the sinking ship, which was settling surely, and could not be brought nearer than twenty feet to the ship, and be kept in the water. This left that much longer a haul which the men must swim to reach the buoy.

The crew of the Vindobala were lined up, each wearing a life belt and a corkie. The captain ordered one overboard to make the first try for the buoy. With the fate of the other men in view, the sailor hesitated.

Work of Saving Goes On.

"If I'll!" said another sailor, as he stepped from the ranks. Down the davit rope he climbed and dropped off into the water. He made for the buoy and reached it. Quickly he was pulled along the line, seized by the men in the lifeboat and dragged aboard. The passengers on the Paris were joyous.

The buoy was hastily pulled back to its position near the ship, and another sailor essayed the trip. He, too, was successful. The captain ordered the sea cocks opened, so that within a few moments after leaving her the vessel would go to the bottom. The remaining sailors obeyed with willingness, and soon they resuscitated on deck and were sent over the side to join their comrades.

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identified with the prohibition movement. He is a Congregationalist. His family consists of his wife, a daughter, Edith, and two sons, a fine musician, and four sons. One of these is a manufacturer in Lewiston, another in Colorado, an actor, are associated on the Daily Telegraph, in Kalamazoo, Mich.

Nelson Dingley's wife and daughter are in Washington life or society. Mrs. Dingley, however, as wife of the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, is obliged to entertain largely. The daughter, last year, studied music in this city.

"BUTTONS'S" ARREST WAS THIS TIME GENUINE.

Eugene Canfield, an Actor, Taken Into Custody for Non-Support of His Wife.

Eugene Canfield, who plays the part of Buttons, the elevator boy, in Johnstone Bennett's "Female Drummer" at the Star Theatre, unintentionally added a bit of realism at the performance on Saturday night which was lost on the spectators. The result was not pleasing to Canfield's wife, who is nearly twice as large as he.

In the play Buttons is obliged to steal some less from the caretaker of a house. Detectives are supposed to pursue him, and Buttons rushes across the stage in a very dramatic manner, only to fall into the arms of one of the detectives. He played the part as usual on Saturday night, but when he made his stage exit, instead of falling into the arms of a make-believe detective he ran into a sure enough sheriff, who read to him the warrant for his bonafide arrest.

Canfield was taken to the Mercer street station, but was bailed out an hour later by Emil Messner, of Thirteenth street and Broadway, who furnished a bond of \$500. Canfield has been separated from his wife three years.

Actor Canfield was arraigned before Magistrate Olmsted in Harlem Police Court yesterday and was finally paroled until today for further examination. Mrs. Canfield alleged that her husband earned sufficient money to pay her \$25 a week alimony, but the actor stoutly denied this. The question of his ability to pay this amount will be settled to-day.

JACK BURKE'S BROKEN HEAD.

Saloon Keeper Rosenfeld Smashed It, Then Had Him Arrested.

Jack Burke, pugilist-actor, was a prisoner in Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday. Disorderly conduct and assault were the charges against him, but judging by his appearance he himself was the assaulted person. His head was swathed in bandages and his face was cut in several places.

Joseph Rosenfeld, a saloon keeper, at No. 848 Broadway, was the complainant against Burke. It seems that Rosenfeld bought the saloon from him.

On Saturday evening Burke came into the place intoxicated and invited Rosenfeld to have a drink. Rosenfeld refused and words followed. The proprietor ordered Burke out of the place, but the latter made a rush at Rosenfeld, who was summoned, and on Rosenfeld's complaint arrested Burke, who was subsequently taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, where his wounds were dressed.

In court yesterday Burke said that the trouble was caused by the fact that Rosenfeld had given him several checks. He was released under \$300 bail for examination.

OUR GUNS BEING LANDED AT ILOILO AND A BATTLE SEEMS TO BE IMMINENT.

General Miller Refuses to Grant the Natives Time to
Communicate with Aguinaldo and Prepares
to Land His Forces.

GENERAL MILLER'S ARMY AT ILOILO OUTNUMBERED BY THE FILIPINOS.	
The American Force.	Filipinos' Hordes.
Eighteenth Regular Infantry.....1,200	At Molo (the old garrison) are.....1,500
Fifty-first Iowa Infantry.....1,200	Several thousand more natives, all well armed, pouring into the city.
Battery G, Sixth Artillery.....100	At Negros, 15 hours' sail from Iloilo.....17,000
Total American Army.....2,500 men	

Special Cable to the Journal.
Madrid, Jan. 1.—General Rios, the late Spanish commander at Iloilo, who has arrived at Manila, declares that there are 7,000 Americans at Iloilo with war ships, but that they are unable to land owing to the opposition of the insurgents.

MANILA, Jan. 1.—The following dispatch, dated Friday afternoon, December 30, at Iloilo, Island of panay, has just been received here by dispatch boat, telegraphic communication with Iloilo not having been resumed:

"The situation at Iloilo is grave. Fifteen hundred natives, fully armed, are at Molo, a suburb of Iloilo. Seventeen thousand more, it is reported, are awaiting orders to embark at several points on the island of Negros, fifteen hours' sail from Iloilo.

"The Newport's boats, as the dispatch boat which carries this message is about leaving, are being lowered, with four machine guns mounted in their bows.

"The lighters are alongside the United States transport Arizona.

"The United States transport Pennsylvania lies three miles to the south, with steam up.

"All the women have with them, and many families have taken refuge with the Americans.

"The rebels, after a consultation, insist upon inaction until General Aguinaldo shall have been heard from. General Miller, when this demand was first made, declined to concede them time and insisted upon an answer being given him by noon to-day. At the same time he gave assurances that lives and property would be protected.

"The foreign residents then petitioned General Miller to grant the extension desired by the rebels, as a fight would cause inevitable loss. This also General Miller refused.

"At the designated time a native commission again boarded the United States transport Newport and asked for delay, saying they were unable to control the army, which commanded the city and surrounding country. General Miller refused and prepared to land forces, sending an emissary back to Manila for instructions.

"The rebels are strengthening their position and are preparing to resist.

"The streets of Iloilo are full of armed soldiers, who are constantly entering from every direction.

"There is great excitement, which is increased by the appearance of the gunboat El Cano, flying the Spanish flag. The public buildings, churches and boats along the river are filled with rebels.

NELSON DINGLEY IS LYING NEAR TO DEATH.

Congressman Who Framed the Present Tariff Law and the War Tax Bill Stricken
with Pneumonia, Takes a Dangerous Turn, and His Physicians Are
Unable to Stem the Progress of the Disease.

Washington, Jan. 1.—Representative Nelson Dingley is dangerously ill with pneumonia. The physicians in attendance, Dr. Henry B. Deale and Dr. Frank Hyatt, fear he may not live.

On Wednesday last he took to his bed with a severe cold. He grew steadily worse. All remedies seemed powerless to stem the progress of the disease, which on Friday was obviously pneumonia. Dr. Deale, the family physician, desired a consultation with a brother practitioner, and Dr. Hyatt, one of the late James G. Blaine's physicians and a throat specialist, was called in.

The doctors have been unremitting in their attention, but to-night Mr. Dingley is in a condition in which the chances for a fatal termination outnumber the chances of life.

Mr. Dingley, although spare, small and delicate looking, does not appear his age, sixty-seven years, owing to his coal black hair and beard. He has been in the House of Representatives eighteen years, and prior to that time served in the Maine House of Representatives as member and Speaker, and as Governor of the State.

A diligent public servant and a member of the Ways and Means Committee for years, Mr. Dingley was not conspicuous in the public eye until he succeeded William D. Benson as chairman of that committee on Friday, the day of his illness.

Mr. Dingley's wife and daughter are at his bedside. Pneumonia has been particularly severe this winter in Washington. It has invariably begun as the grip, and when among others Ambassador Tamm, Secretary Hay and Senators Tamm and Cullum have suffered severely, Senator Morrill is the first fatal case among statesmen.

As in the case of McKinley, it was a tariff bill which made Nelson Dingley famous. And the Dingley bill is celebrated for having the highest rates of any tariff bill ever thought of. Dingley figured on an increased revenue of \$75,000,000 through a tariff on the first year, and his figures have been proven correct. For the year 1890 he figured that other day an increase in the revenue of \$100,000,000.

The main features of the Dingley tariff are in the increased duties on wool and sugar and the transfer of a host of articles from the free list to the dutiable list. Wool and lumber were two of the most important of these articles.

On woolens, the cotton goods, and manufactures of all kinds was largely increased. A heavy increase was put on agricultural products affected by foreign competition, particularly Canadian. This was also the case with luxuries, such as liquors, tobacco, silks and furs.

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Sixth avenue, at about 40c. on the dollar.
Look out for great bargains. We will also
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and Corsets; White Goods, Blankets and
Bedspreads; Silks and Dress Goods and
Ladies' and Children's Cloaks, Suits and
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